

Vinnie Paz - Duel to the Death Lyrics

VINNIE PAZ (Verse 1)

"Can't nobody fuck around with V.P.,
Or else you gonna find yourself D-E-A-D,
Y'all ain't gotchyour eye on the prize, you can't see,
'Cause I ain't really livin' my life for plan B,
If anybody brave enough to come against me,
Gonna find your body in the bottom of the Dead Sea,
How dare you ever in your life walk past me,
Widout acknowledgin' this man as G-O-D,
I always been here, always been deranged focused,
The heat is always in my hand like chain smoka's,
Hard work, dedication and sustained dopeness,
Bust a mo'fucka's head 'til his brain opens,
Stay cookin' in the kitchen like we hasta frito,
I was always smokin' wakata wit poppy people,
I ain't never doin' anything that's not illegal,
Read the Torah Lord, black mask, black evil."

HOOK (x2)

"This is Duel to the Death, this is murder, death, kill,
Stay real, because the sun can't chill, M-O-B-B,
Ain't nobody play around, Vinnie P., P.,
Fuck around, lay around."

HAVOC (Verse 2)

"I'll have you laid out, Posturepedic,
Before the day's out, somebody gon' be layin' bleedin',
Keep fuckin' wit me, bring it to the darker side,
Where the wolves play and nuttin' butchya karma lie,
You get it back 10 fold, yeah, I'll do you dirty,
I'm in my dirty dirties, that mean I'm past the worry,
I got it mapped out, every plan hashed out,
Perfectly executed, squeeze 'til I'm fresh out,
I got Goonies, all they do is stick they neck out,
For a nigga 'cause his loyalty and nuttin' less,
And when it's on you know they got the toolies on deck,
Whatchyou lookin' at boy? You ain't a boss yet,
Infamous, yeah we celebrate life,
Pour liquor for the dead, kill niggas on sight,
When they get beside they self, we run up right upon 'em,
Leave 'em where they standin', pour some fuckin' liquor on 'em."

HOOK (x2)

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PRODIGY (Verse 3)

“Let me start from the beginin’ at the top o’ the lis’,
First off, nobody can do it like this,
No matter how hard you try, hard you go,
No matter how hard your beats, ill your flow,
Can’t fuck with P, yeah this we know,
I’m not a rapper, I’m a master o’ ceremonial, gatherin’s at venues that’s jam-packed,
Fuck Rap, I’m in it for cream and that’s that,
Try ta stop my dough, I’ll run you off the map,
Try ta stop my life, I’ll blow you outchya hat,
The most thuggish, the most ruggish,
The most A.K.A.s you heard of, is,
Bandana, banana clip R.I.P.,
I can’t help it, my career don’t cease,
My name don’t wear out, I go on foreva’,
That other shit a passin’ fad, it won’t eva’.”